

GARDEN ISLAND STEAMER TIME-TABLE
OCTOBER

Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

The GARDEN ISLAND IS YOUR HOME PAPER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

100 MEN WANTED

On the island of Kauai, to wear **The Leader Clothing**. We sell the latest up-to-date goods at reasonable prices. And save you from 40 to 65 per cent or every suit prices from \$10 to \$25.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

Wanted parties to sell and represent our goods on the island of Kauai.

THE LEADER
CLOTHIERS

FORT STREET, NEAR BERETANIA

KAUAI'S TEMPLE OF FASHION

THE largest independent general merchandise store on Kauai. We take an immense amount of pride in this plain, solid statement. There is not a man on Kauai who does not know that when he buys anything at one of our stores the goods are going to be exactly as represented and the price a little lower than he can get anywhere else, and he knows, too, that he is going to get a square deal.

Grocery Department

Quality counts. Yes, quality counts, every time. This is demonstrated in the rapidly increasing demand for our

PURITAN BUTTER

the best butter ever made. Choice dairy butter. Butter so sweet and delicious in flavor that everybody wants it. Better get some; you'll find it far above the butter you get most places.

CANNED VEGETABLES

Canned vegetables fresh from the garden. It really is delightful to have for dinner these days, vegetables like those we get in the early spring. Every can is guaranteed. That means bring it back and get your money if dissatisfied.

TABLE DELICACIES

Table delicacies—bargains. Remarkable August and September offerings. Our table delicacies are the leading feature of our grocery department. They are of specially fine grade and are going at prices that would make them remarkable values even if they were of ordinary grades.

OUR QUICK DELIVERY

A big, modern Buick truck, delivers your order in less time and in better condition than any other store on Kauai.

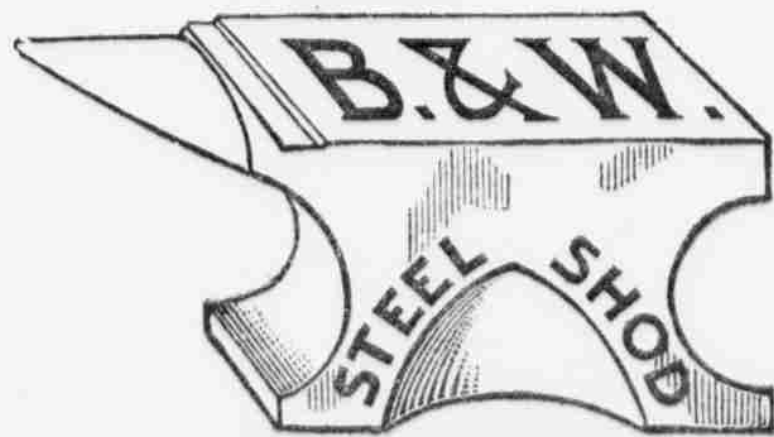
Eleele Store

J. I. SILVA, Proprietor.

THE ANVIL

Indicates a steel shoe shoe for children. A substantial school shoe; a stylish well made dress shoe. High or low cut, Kid or Calf stock; button, one-strap, or lace.

Steel shoe anvil brand means "made to wear." Prices, in sizes 9 to 11, \$2.25 to \$2.50; in sizes 11 1/2 to 12, \$2.50 to \$3.00. Try a pair and prove what we contend.

McINERNEY SHOE STORE
HONOLULUKauai's Young People
The Three Oriental Kings

IN a little town in Spain once lived a poor widow whose three little boys had grown to the ages of eight, six and four and never received a Christmas gift!

But these little boys, as well as other Spanish children, had heard of the Three Oriental Kings. They were very fond of talking of the one of the Three Kings who was very black; this one, they had heard went about on Christmas Eve leaving presents upon the balconies, where the children were told to hang their stockings and set their shoes so that there would be something ready in which to store the presents.

Once when they went to the Padre's house, where their mother did the washing, the Padre's little nephew had shown them a candy dog and parrot which he said had been left for him by the Kings. And last Christmas the baker's five-year-old Marita had come running in with a bag of sweetmeats which had been left for her. Who else, she asked them, could have put the bag on the balcony but the Three Kings who brought goodies when children remember to obey!

The washerwoman's little sons had never thought of the Kings coming their way. The hut in which they lived had no balcony and they supposed the Kings would look for their stockings nowhere else.

Well, this year the mother of these little boys made up her mind that they as well as other children should have Christmas gifts. She worked harder than ever, and the people of the village who knew how she felt gave her all the extra work they could afford to pay her for doing.

One day, when Christmas came near, she said to her boys, "My children, the Oriental Kings have never passed this way. Perhaps it is because we have never expected them. But I think that this Christmas they may pass by at the cross-roads, and if you are there at dusk they may see you and throw you some small gift."

"And do you think the black King will come riding first?" asked little Antonio.

"No," said his eldest brother before the mother could reply, which was rude and ought to have made him afraid of losing his gift. "The Padre's nephew says that the white King always comes first!"

"I'm sure, I don't care which of the Kings comes first if only he brings us presents," cried six-year-old Pietro, so excited that he almost stepped on the lame duck warming itself before the little fire and which was the only pet he owned.

When Christmas Eve finally came, the washerwoman's children danced about like wild boys, and hurried away to the cross-roads long before dusk.

They waited a long long time before they heard anyone coming in their direction. But at last—little Antonio said it must be almost morning—there was a loud shouting down one of the roads and soon a great black thing was seen moving towards them.

Pit, pat, went their hearts, and they were so busy gazing at the white King with the tall crown on his head, and his long snowy robe flowing down to the ground, that they quite forgot to look past him for the other two Kings.

"Here they are—those Kings!" cried Juan trembling. "And see! it is the black King which comes first!"

Little Antonio hid his face against his biggest brother and wished that he dare peep just once when the Kings should get close by. All at once he heard a familiar voice, and lifted his head quickly, and found it was only old Andros, their neighbor, who was shouting to his lazy mules on his way home from town where he had sold his Christmas turkeys.

The washerwoman's boys waited again a very long time until finally they thought that their mother had been mistaken and that the Kings would not come. But just as little Antonio was ready to cry, being very cold and sleepy, they espied two long ears waving through the dusk and saw a tall white figure slowly approaching them seated on the back of the very biggest white mule in all the universe—as little Antonio said many times afterwards.

"Sure enough, it is the white King that comes first!" said Juan; but his brothers did not speak, for the long white arms had begun to toss down some bundles.

"One apiece, and what big ones!" they cried joyously, when they could speak at all, which was some minutes after the Three Kings, as they supposed, had ridden by into the darkness.

When they were quite sure that the Kings must have gone past, the little boys hurried home, clutching the bundles tightly lest they lose them. They found their mother waiting for them, sitting before the small fire which was lighted only on very cold nights.

She untied the parcels for them, and smilingly held up the new suits of coarse clothes which they contained—a suit for each boy.

"Ah, the good Oriental Kings! They knew just what we needed!" the children cried, dancing about their smiling mother.

"And the black King didn't come first, Mother!" panted little Antonio as his eyes grew large and round. "I was glad he didn't, for I should have been afraid! But the first King was white as the Padre's hair, and the mule he rode was white, too, and bigger than both of old Andros's mules together! Oh, how tall the white King was! and he was dressed in a robe that looked like our almond tree in the spring, and he wore a crown that shone like the stars!"

The washerwoman still smiled, giving the sticks a fresh poke that they might throw out gay sparks, and she allowed the children to sit and prattle on by the fire a long time because they were so happy over receiving the new suits and seeing the Christmas Kings.

This good mother could not bring herself to tell her sons, until they grew older, that she had made the white robe from an old sheet, and had fashioned the crown from pasteboard and afterward covered it with tinsel and glass beads, and that she, instead of the white King, had ridden to the cross-roads on the vagrant old white donkey which so often came to nibble thistles behind the cabin, and that their neighbor, old Juanita, had helped her dress and mount on his back!

For Friday Afternoons

ONE day sleek Mistress Tabby Cat,
Asked in her friends to tea,
And they all came, dressed in
their best,
A goodly company,
With pleasant purrs, they all took
seats,
And filled the table up,
And then the hostess briskly poured
For each, a brimming cup.

The tea was catnip, freshly brewed,
Bright, fragrant catnip tea,
Which is a drink excelled by none.
As pussies all agree.
And as they sat and gossiped there,
With many a wink and blink,
Old Towser he came strolling in,
Thinking to get a drink.

All round the room he slowly walk-
ed
And sniffed the catnip tea;
And then, disgusted, left, because
No doggie could he see!

The Strongest Socks Made



They stand the rubs of the shoes and the wash board and we sell them at three pairs for a Dollar. Many Shades and Black and White.

M. McInerney, Ltd.
HONOLULU

Holeproof Hose

Guaranteed for Six Months
Six Pair to the Box

Ladies' Lisle, in black, white and tan, \$3.00 box
Children's Ribbed, black only, \$2 box
Men's Cotton, black and tan, \$1.75 box
Men's Lisle, black and tan, \$3 box
Men's Cotton, white and assorted colors, \$2 box.

B. F. Ehlers & Co.

Sole Agents, Honolulu

THE
Caterpillar
Engine

Lays its own track

A wonderful engine for plantation fields, etc. Send for illustrated catalogue.

Honolulu Iron Works Company

Agents for Hawaiian Islands.

Our School Music

Our teacher makes us sing the scale,
All standing in a row,
Its up the staff and down again,
Do, re, me, fa, sol, do.

And oh, I grow so tired of it
I long to run away.
To look for flowers and hear the
birds,
And jump and shout and play.

There's no staff in out-door land,
No do's and re's and mi's,
And yet there's always music sweet,
From all the shrubs and trees.

One day I ran away from school—
Oh, I was bad, I know—
Off to the fields and woods and
streams,
Where ferns and flowers grow.

And I was in a lovely place,
And picking flowers dear,
When oh, I heard the sweetest
songs,
Of birds so high and clear!

Nan, Ran, Tan

THERE was a little
girl
Named Nan, Nan, Nan
On her two little feet
She ran, ran, ran,
In her two little shoes
Of tan, tan, tan,
And she fanned her
With a fan, fan, fan!

And looking up, I saw a sight—
A sight which made me laugh;
I saw do, mi, sol, la, si, do,
Upon an airy staff!

Now, when we sing the scale in
school,
I fret no more nor fuss—
I know its but the teacher's way
To bring the birds to us!